

Household.**STUFFED ONION.**

Remove the centre of large onions and fill the cavity with a stuffing of chicken or liver; bake in a buttered dish until brown.

POTATO CROQUETTES.

Make a soft paste of finely mashed potatoes, a little flour and enough egg to moisten, seasoning with salt. Mould into balls or roll; dip in beaten egg and then in fine bread crumbs and fry brown in boiling fat.

FRIED BREAD.

Beat three eggs and season them with salt and pepper; cut some bread in thin slices and dip them in the beaten egg and fry a delicate brown in hot lard.

WHITE CAKE.

One cupful white sugar; whites of three eggs; six tablespoonfuls melted butter; half-cupful sweet milk; one and a half cupfuls flour, into which a heaping teaspoonful baking powder has been sifted. Flavor with lemon or vanilla.

DELICATE CAKE.

Of three-quarters of a cup of butter, beaten to a cream, with two cups of powdered sugar, add three cups of flour sifted, with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of essence of almonds, and the whites of six eggs that have been beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in flat tins, well buttered, and cover with icing when cool.

CHICKEN SOUP.

To a chicken, or any equal quantity of fresh meat, add one gallon of water, an onion, a slice of bacon, one tablespoonful of flour, a teaspoonful of pepper, a teaspoonful of salt and a bunch of thyme or parsley. Beat up in a tureen the yolks of two eggs, with a cup of milk and a small lump of butter. Pour the soup, when done, in the tureen on this boiling hot.

OMELETTE.

From four to eight very fresh eggs; break them singly and carefully. When they are sufficiently whisked, pour them through a sieve and resume the beating until they are very light; add to them half a teaspoonful of salt, season with pepper. Dissolve in a small frying-pan two ounces of butter, pour in the eggs, and as soon as omelette is well risen and firm throughout, slide it into a hot dish, fold it together like a turnover, and serve at once.

ORANGE SNOW.

Orange snow is delicious when prepared after the following method: An ounce of isinglass is dissolved in a pint of boiling water. It is then to be strained and allowed to stand until it is nearly cold. Now mix it with the juice of six or seven oranges and one lemon. Add the whites of three eggs and sugar to taste. Whisk the whole together until it looks white and like a sponge. Put it into a mould and turn it out the following day.

POTATO SALAD.

Slice thinly eight or ten good-sized Irish potatoes (boiled and cold), chop finely one good-sized apple, 14 small onions, rinse and chop the leaves of a large handful of green parsley. Spread a layer of the potatoes in a chopping tray, sprinkle liberally with salt, then half the parsley, apple and onions, then the rest of the potato, then more salt and the other half of the parsley, apple and onion; pour half a teacup of sweet oil or melted butter over the whole, with a small cup of vinegar. Mix the whole carefully so as not to break the potatoes.

CREAM COOKIES.

Two cupfuls thick, rich cream; two cupfuls sugar; three eggs; two teaspoonfuls cream tartar (unless the cream be quite sour, in which case the cream tartar will not be needed); seven or eight cupfuls of flour, depending on the thickness of the cream. They should be soft. Season with anything you like. When partly rolled out, spread with sugar, and finish rolling; in fact, I never make sugar cookies without doing this—their appearance is so much more tempting. The receipt is especially useful at the end of the season, when the quantity of cream gets too small to bother to churn. Cookies made from either receipt will keep three months—if you let them!

CUP PLUM PUDDING.

Take one cup of raisins, currents, flour, bread-crumbs, suet and sugar; stone and cut the raisins, wash and dry the currents, chop the suet and mix all the above ingredients well together; then add two ounces of cut candied peel and citron, and a little mixed spice, salt and vinegar—say half a teaspoonful of each, stir in four well beaten eggs, and milk enough to make the mixture so that the spoon will stand upright in it; tie it loosely in a cloth or put it in a mould, plunged into boiling water, and boil for three and a half hours.

BREAD JELLY.

Bread jelly is a simple delicacy which comes under the head of cookery for invalids, and is thus prepared: Take French roll, cut it into thin slices and toast them on both sides to a golden brown; then put them into a saucepan with a quart of water (spring water, if it can be had), and simmer over the fire until they become a sort of a jelly. To tell when this stage is reached, take up a little on a spoon and allow it to cool. When done strain it through a thin cloth and flavor it with a little lemon juice and sugar. A little sherry may be added if liked.—*The Caterer.*

CHICKEN PIE.

Cut up two small chickens and put them in a saucepan with one-quarter of a pound of salt pork cut in thin slices, adding salt and pepper. Cover with water and simmer until done; then set aside until cold. Make a paste of one quart of flour, with which is mixed two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two large tablespoonfuls of clarified beef drippings or butter, half a tablespoonful of salt, and half a teacupful of granulated sugar. Mix together and moisten with sweet milk until a soft dough is formed. Roll out half the dough and line a well-buttered tin pan with it. Fill with the chicken and broth, adding a tablespoonful of butter. Set an inverted cup in the centre, roll out the other half of the paste and cover the pan with it. Make a large incision in the middle of the paste and press the sides of the upper and lower crusts well together.

LAW AND PHYSIC.

The Judge Rather Gets the Doctors.
[Arkansaw Traveller.]

Several years ago, while the people of west Tennessee were alarmed at the approach of yellow fever, Judge F. convened court at Bolivar. Court had been but a few days in session when the reports from Memphis caused additional excitement. There were many witnesses attendant upon court, and, very naturally, they importuned the Judge to permit them to go home. The business part of the community, willing to run any risk for the sake of trade, declared that the scare was unnecessary, and that the disease was not yellow fever. A number of physicians, with it appears, more learning than judgment, repaired to the court-room and assured the Judge that no danger of an epidemic was to be apprehended.

"The disease," said one of the medical gentlemen, "is not yellow fever, but is zipporastory."

"You are wrong doctor," said another physician, "for investigation proves it to be posurentiscat."

"No," said another doctor, "you are both wrong. I admit that it is not yellow fever, and that it can never become an epidemic, but it is nothing more or less than an exaggerated type of costinetordigij."

Then there arose a heated discussion in which the Judge was unable to take part. He waited patiently until the discussion cooled down, then, turning to the officers, said:

"I have been much entertained by the discussion which you gentlemen have so ably conducted. I do not pretend to say what the disease is, for I am not versed in such sciences. It may be acute jehossiphat, exaggerated pollywog, inflammatory jim crow, or a mild type of a pluribus unum, but there's one thing I do know. It's d—d ketchin', and I'm going to adjourn this court."

Ethel: "Mamma, I think Frank means business." Mamma: "Why, what a way to talk, child? But tell me what makes you think so?"

Ethel: "He gave me a pair of sleeve-buttons last night, and they were linked."

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

To the farmer's wife there comes no time for vacation unless she takes it and is willing to "let things go" while she is away. Lucky the wife whose husband is of the same mind, and they can start off together with the team; taking an outing in true farmer fashion. Don't take any burdens along; leave them at home, and you will find them greatly lightened when you return. Get all the rest you can in visiting other homes whose duties are like your own, and greater perhaps, with the added care of babies and the younger children. Nothing lightens our own burdens more than giving a cheerful word to others whose lot is harder than our own. It is astonishing how easily we can see the silvery lining to our neighbor's cloud, and give them a glimpse of it also if we try, when our own clouds seem so dense and despairing. Friends, don't look forever at your clouds, but try to see the lining of silver each is sure to have; or, better still, only the sunshine above them that is positively there, whether we see it or not. Don't let our home duties overwhelm us; keep out of the ruts, and life will run smooth again. Make our burdens as light as possible by no unnecessary labors, and carry them bravely along. Don't drag them after you. A cheerful spirit and a song makes labor light and easy.

Toil is a blessing, if not excessive—and many of us are in fault if it is excessive. But few women really know how to lighten their labor; they do many things the hardest way, and never know it. If cooking is a profession, surely house-keeping ought to be also, and how few women are really naturally adapted to the business. What wonder is it, then, that they toil at it until their health gives way and their lives become burdens. I call to mind two friends, the one a natural housekeeper. Every part of the home in order and cosy, every cast-off garment of the family utilized, and even bought, a certain color, for cutting up into rugs when old. Nothing is wasted; every season has its duties even to the days of the week, and the home mother is never hurried by her work; she hurries her work. The other one is a house-keeper, simply because of being a wife and a mother—not for the love of it. While seemingly not hurried, she is always catching up with duties belonging to weeks ago. Her work drives her instead of she driving the work. Both are farmers' wives. I pity one while I envy the other.—*Deer Ridge Farm, Los Gatos, P. O.*

HOW WOMEN PUT ON SHOES.

When a woman has a new pair of shoes sent home she performs altogether different from a man. She never shoves her toes into them and yanks and hauls until she is red in the face and out of breath, and then goes stamping around, but pulls them on part way very carefully, twitches them off again to take a last look and see if she has got the right one, puts them on again, looks at them dreamily, says they are just right, then takes another look, stops suddenly to smooth out the wrinkle, twists around and surveys them sideways, exclaims: "Mercy, how loose they are!" looks at them square in front, works her feet around so they won't hurt quite so much, takes them off, looks at the heels, the toe, the bottom, and then inside, puts them on again, walks up and down the room once or twice, remarks to her better half she won't have them at any price, tilts down the mirror so she can see how they look, turns in every possible direction, and nearly dislocates her neck trying to see how they look from that way, backs off, steps up again, takes thirty or forty farewell looks, says they make her feet look awful big and will never do in the world, puts them off and on three or four times more, asks her husband what he thinks about it, and pays no attention to what he says, goes through it all again, and finally says she will take them. It is a very simple matter, indeed.

TREES AND THEIR HEIGHT.—Measure off a distance from the foot of the tree which the experimenter may think is a little less than the length of the tree, and stand facing the tree with a staff of such length that it may be stuck into the ground until the top is on a level with the eyes. Then lie down on the back with the feet against the foot of the staff, the head being in a straight line away from the tree. It will be understood at once that the line of vision, passing just over the top of the staff, will strike the tree exactly the same distance from the ground that the eyes are from the foot of the tree. Of course, it is presumed that the tree is straight and that the direction selected to form the bottom of the right angle is level. It is easier to obtain these conditions by this process than by computing from shadows, any side of the tree may be chosen.

THE AGRICULTURAL COMMITTEE OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Congress has now fairly commenced its Winter's work, and in the Senate and House of Representatives there is a committee on agriculture. All bills, resolutions and memorials on agriculture and kindred topics are referred to these committees, and they report to their respective houses, in a proper shape for action, such legislation based on them as they may deem proper. The committee-rooms are thus hotbeds, in which legislative work is forced, and made ready to transplant into the Senate and House for consideration and action.

The chairman of the Senate committee on agriculture is Warner Miller, a square-built, pleasant man, forty-eight years of age, who has made his own way in the world, and is just now deriving a large income from the manufacture of wood-pulp for paper making. He owns and carries on a large farm, and has a practical knowledge of agriculture. His associates on the committee are Henry W. Blair of New Hampshire, who was raised in the country; Preston B. Plumb of Kansas, a large landholder and stock raiser; Chas. H. VanWych of Nebraska, who is largely interested in agriculture; Philetus Sawyer of Wisconsin, who was raised on a Vermont farm and is now a wealthy lumberman; Jas. Z. George, a Mississippi lawyer; James G. Fair, the Nevada silver king; Randall Lee Gibson of Louisiana, who owns a large sugar plantation, and James K. Jones of Arkansas, lawyer, who owns a plantation. It is a strong committee, representing the different sections.

The House committee on agriculture has as its chairman Gen. William Henry Hatch of Missouri, a lawyer, interested in farming. With him are D. Wyatt Aiken of South Carolina, who has been for over thirty years a practical farmer; Wharton J. Green, whose North Carolina vineyards have been described in a previous "Talk"; Edwin B. Winans of Michigan, a practical farmer; B. F. Frederick, an Ohio manufacturer; A. C. Davidson, who owns a cotton plantation in Alabama; W. G. Stahinecher, a member of the New York Produce Exchange; J. B. Morgan, who practices law in Mississippi; Presley J. Glass of Tennessee, who when in the legislature of that State was the author of a bill to establish an agricultural experiment station at Knoxville; Milo White, a Vermontor by birth, now merchant in Minnesota; E. H. Funston, who located after the war on a large prairie farm in Kansas, which he cultivates successfully; W. T. Price, a Wisconsin farmer and lumberman; George Hives, a New Jersey manufacturer; Wm A. Pierce, a Rhode Island manufacturer, raised on a farm; John Swinburne, a New York physician, and Oscar S. Gifford, a Dakota lawyer.—*Ben. Perley Poore, in American Cultivator.*

WHY SOME BOYS LEAVE.

"Why do the boys leave the farm?" wails a writer in an agricultural paper. Well, dear brother, there are several reasons. One is because the boy is not sixty-five years old at his birth. Then, if there is a hoe on the farm weighing fourteen ounces, bright as nickel and sharp as a razor, and another weighing somewhat less than a breaking plough, with an edge on it like a hammer and a sappling with the bark on it for a handle, the hired man takes one and the boy gets the other, and every man in America knows which is the other. Did you ever stand with such a hoe in your hands away down in a corn row, on some airless, still, hot summer day, twenty acres of corn blades and tassels wilting about you, standing fourteen inches higher than your head, shutting out every last trace of breathable air, and then hear a locust down in the edge of the timber strike up his long, strident, monotonous call to make it ten times hotter? And all this time a cool creek, not a mile away, loitering in deep, silent pools in shady places in the woods, or breaking into merry dancing ripples over the pebbles? And in the big deep holes the fish just lying around, lonesome for a boy? Well, then, you know why some boys leave the farm. Still, boys can be kept on the farm and made to stay there all their lives. You drive a long spike through a boy's abdomen and through a live oak tree, and clinch or bolt it on either side, and then saw off the boy's legs and break his

back, and he will stay on the farm. Yes, there are some other ways, we know, but this is the only infallible method.—*Burdette.*

VIRGINIA SHORTHORNS FOR CALIFORNIA.—Messrs. Palmer and Bowman, of Saltillo, Va., have just sold to Y. D. Carr, of Salinas City, Cal., one of the leading stockmen of that State, twenty-five shorthorn bulls, including Moss Rose Duke at \$500, Dinah's Oxford Ninth at \$350, Gem Duke of Oxford at \$300, Sharon Duke Tenth at \$200, and the rest at \$100 each.

RICHMOND & DANVILLE RAIL ROAD.

N. C. DIVISION.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.**TRAINS GOING NORTH.**

Date, June 28, 1885	No. 51, Daily.	No. 52, Daily.
Leave Charlotte.	5 10 am	6 45 pm
" Salisbury.	6 45 am	8 01 pm
" High Point.	7 35 am	8 08 pm
Arrive Greensboro.	8 30 am	9 25 pm
Leave Greensboro.	9 50 am	
Leave Hillsboro.	11 54 am	
" Durham.	12 23 pm	
Arrive Raleigh.	1 35 pm	
Leave Raleigh.	2 30 pm	
Arrive Goldsboro.	4 40 pm	

TRAIN No. 15.—Daily.
Leaves Greensboro..... 10:00 p. m.
Arrives Raleigh..... 10:23 p. m.
Leaves Raleigh..... 7:00 a. m.
Arrives Goldsboro..... 11:10 a. m.

TRAIN No. 14.—Daily.
Leaves Goldsboro..... 6:15 p. m.
Arrives Raleigh..... 10:23 p. m.
Arrives Greensboro..... 8:00 a. m.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Date, June 28, 1884.	No. 50 d'y	No. 51 d'y
Leave Goldsboro.	11 45 am	
Arrives Raleigh.	2 00 pm	
Leave Raleigh.	5 00 pm	
Arrives Durham.	6 07 pm	
" Hillsboro.	6 47 pm	
" Greensboro.	9 00 pm	
Leave Greensboro.	11 21 pm	9 30 am
" High Point.	11 55 pm	10 19 am
Arrives Salisbury.	1 05 am	11 10 am
Leave Salisbury.	1 10 am	11 25 am
" Charlotte.	2 50 am	12 41 pm

Nos. 51 and 52 connect at Salisbury for all points on the Western North Carolina R. R.

SALEM BRANCH OR NORTH-WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA RAIL ROAD.

No. 9. Leaves Salem.	No. 10. Daily.	No. 11. Daily.
Arrives Kernersville.	6 50 am	7 10 am
" Greensboro.	7 10 am	7 30 am
No. 10. Leaves Greensboro.	10 00 am	
" Kernersville.	11 05 am	
Arrives Salem.	1 40 am	
No. 11. Leaves Salem.	6 55 pm	
" Kernersville.	7 30 pm	
Arrives Greensboro.	8 55 pm	
No. 12. Leaves Greensboro.	11 25 pm	
" Kernersville.	12 30 am	
Arrives Salem.	1 17 am	

No. 9 connects at Greensboro with Nos. 51 and 52. No. 11 connects with Nos. 50 and 53.

State University Railroad.

Going North.	No. 1. Daily.	No. 2. Daily.
Leave Chapel Hill.	12 25 a. m.	5 01 p. m.
Arrive University.	11 25 a. m.	6 01 p. m.
Going South.	No. 4. Daily.	No. 3. Daily.
Leave University.	6 31 p. m.	11 51 a. m.
Arrive Chapel Hill.	7 31 p. m.	2 54 p. m.

Buffet Sleeping Cars Without Change.

On train 5 add 51, between New York and Atlanta, and between Raleigh and Asheville. Through Pullman Sleepers on trains 52 and 53, between Washington and Augusta, and Danville and Richmond and Washington and New Orleans.

Through tickets on sale at Greensboro, Raleigh, Goldsboro, Salisbury and Charlotte, for all points south, southwest, west, north, and east. For emigrant rates to Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and the southwest, address, M. S. LAUGHTER,

General Passenger Agent,

Richmond, Va.

Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railway Co.**Condensed Time Table No. 13.****TRAIN NORTH.**

	Arrive.	Leave.
Bennettsville.	8:20 a. m.	
Shoe Heel.	9:40 a. m.	
Fayetteville.	12:20 p. m.	
Sanford.	2:25 p. m.	
Ore Hill.	3:45 p. m.	
Liberty.	4:57 p. m.	
Greensboro.	6:30 p. m.	

Dinner at Fayetteville.

TRAIN SOUTH.

	Arrive.	Leave.
Greensboro.	8:51 a. m.	
Liberty.	11:56 a. m.	
Ore Hill.	12:40 m.	
Sanford.	1:30 p. m.	
Fayetteville.	3:50 p. m.	
Shoe Heel.	6:06 p. m.	
Bennettsville.	7:50 p. m.	

Dinner at Sanford.

Freight and Passenger Train leaves Bennettsville Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30 p. m., arriving at Shoe Heel at 4:30 p. m., and at Fayetteville at 8 p. m. Leaves Fayetteville on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6:30 a. m., Shoe Heel at 10 a. m., and arrives at Bennettsville at 12 m. Freight and Passenger Train North leaves Fayetteville daily at 8 a. m., (connecting at Sanford with Freight and Passenger Trains to Raleigh), leaving Sanford at 11:30 a. m., and arriving at Greensboro at 5:40 p. m. Leaves Greensboro daily at 5 a. m.; leaves Sanford at 11:15 a. m. and arrives at Fayetteville at 2:30 p. m.

JOHN M. ROSE,

General Passenger Agent.
W. M. DUNN,
Gen. Superintendent